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FLASHBACK

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Historical Society**

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We have members in all 50 states. Membership is invited especially to those interested in the preservation of Washington County's history. Dues are discretionary, starting with $10 annually, rising to $150 for a life membership. Donations, tax deductible according to current law, are gratefully received any time for special projects. Members are mailed a FLASHBACK every quarter. Past issues cost $5 each, current year's issues, $4 each.

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UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS
NOV 10
FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

Local newspapers record everyday life in a community and may be the only record of current events at a particular place and time. By preserving newspapers, the Arkansas Newspaper Project is preserving information that is valuable to historians, genealogists, and all students of local history.

The Arkansas Newspaper Project is a statewide initiative in association with the United States Newspaper Program and is funded, in part, by the National Endowment for the Humanities. The project, in cooperation with the Arkansas History Commission, Little Rock, AR, is hoping to preserve on microfilm all newspapers available throughout the state. In an effort to locate missing newspapers, project workers are traveling to libraries, museums, and other institutions around the state. But the project needs your help to uncover more. If you know the whereabouts of the newspapers listed below (or other Arkansas newspapers) and are willing to lend issues to the Arkansas History Commission for microfilming, please contact the Arkansas Newspaper Project. Even single issues are important.

For more information, contact Deb Kulczak, c/o the Arkansas Newspaper Project, Mullins Library, Room 372A, University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, AR, 72701, or call 501-575-6409. You may also contact Cary Cox at the Arkansas History Commission, One Capitol Mall, Little Rock, AR 72201, or call 501-682-2054.

MISSING WASHINGTON CO. NEWSPAPERS

Note: If less than 1 month of a newspaper in any given year has been filmed, we are stating that all issues are needed for that year.

	TITLE	ISSUES WE'RE LOOKING FOR
CANE HILL	Arkansas Traveler	All issues 1862-19??
	Bugle	All issues 1885-18??
	Buck and Ball	All issues 1862-18??
	Cane Hill News	All issues 1903-19??
CINCINNATI	Cincinnati Argus	All issues 1897-19??
ELKINS	Elkins Graphic	All issues 1897-19??
EVANSVILLE	Alliance Advocate	All issues 1891-19??
FARMINGTON	Farmington Mercury	Some issues 1980
FAYETTEVILLE	Alliance Liberator	All issues 1891-1892
	Arkansas American	All issues 1911-19??
	Arkansas Blade	All issues 1880-1882
	Arkansas Herald	All issues 1894-19??
	Arkansas Countryman	All issues 1919-1923, 1926, 1932-1934, Some issues 1924-1925, 1931
	Arkansas Sentinel	All issues 1875, 1912-1914, 1917-1920, Some issues 1876, 1881-1886, 1904-1905, 1911, 1915-1916
	Arkansas Times	All issues 1882-1883
	Arkansas Watch Tower	All issues 1852-18??
	Campus Heat	All issues 1970-19??
	Countryman, the Ozarks Farm & Home Monthly	All issues 1928-1929
	Daily Arkansas Sentinel	All issues 1904-1907
	Dickson Street Journal	All issues 1985-19??
	Evening Call	All issues 1885
	Evening News	All issues 1894-19??
	Fayetteville Arkansan	All issues 1905-19??
	Fayetteville Commoner	All issues 1905-19??
	Fayetteville Daily	All issues 1894-1902 Some issues 1903-1914
	Fayetteville Daily Leader	All issues 1929
	Fayetteville Democrat *(weekly)*	All issues 1860-1861 Some issues 1870-1920
	Fayetteville Free Press	All issues 1897-19??, Some issues 1896
	Fayetteville Herald	All issues 1893-1894
	Fayetteville News	All issues 1871-1874
	Fayetteville Observer	All issues 1866-18??
	Fayetteville Republic	All issues 1912-1915, 1917-1932, Some issues 1916

FAYETTEVILLE *(cont.)*	Fayetteville Republican	All issues 1886, 1892-1896, 1898, 1900-1901, 1903-1908 Some issues, 1887- 1891, 1897, 1899, 1902
	Fayetteville Republican & Washington County Review	All issues 1908-1912
	Fayetteville Times	All issues 1867-18??
	Fayetteville Weekly Democrat	Some issues 1869
	Fayetteville Witness	All issues 1879-1881
	Grapevine	Some issues 1974, 1985
	Liberator	All issues 1892-1893
	Mountain City Gazette	All issues 1896-1897
	Mountain Echo	All issues 1867-1873
	Ozark Feminist	Some issues 1980?
	Ozark Mountain Herald	All issues 1891-1896
	Ozark Mountain These Times	Some issues 1971
	Ozark Mountain Times	Some issues 1970
	Pearl of the Ozarks	All issues 1895-19??
	Progressive Star	Some issues, 1934-1937
	Radical	All issues 1867-18??
	South-west Independent	All issues 1854, 1857- 1858, Some issues 1855-1856
	Vidette	All issues 1899-19?? Some issues 1898
	War Bulletin	All issues 1861, 1863?- ????, Some issues 1862
	Washington County Review	All issues 1890, 1892-1902, Some issues 1903-1908
	Western Pioneer	All issues 1852-18??
	Witness	All issues 1840, 1842, Some issues 1841
	X-Ray	All issues 1912
LINCOLN	Liberator	Some issues 1892-1893
	Lincoln Herald	All issues 18??-19??
	Lincoln Leader	All issues 1938-1958 Some issues 1959
	Lincoln News	All issues 1915-19??
	Lincoln Sun	All issues 1918-1937
	Lincoln Weekly Banner	All issues 1902-19??
PRAIRIE GROVE	Globe	All issues 1899-19??
	Prairie Grove Banner	All issues 1887-18??
	Prairie Grove Enterprise	All issues 1943-1946, 1972-1973 Some issues 1942, 1961, 1963, 1966, 1974
	Prairie Grove Herald	Some issues 1918-1919, 1923-1924
	Prairie Grove News	All issues 1885-1896 Some issues 1973-1974

Prairie Grove *(cont.)*	Prairie Grove News-Record	All issues 1966-19??
	Prairie Grove Record	All issues 1896-1903
	Prairie Grove Weekly Leader	All issues 1935
	Rising Sun	All issues 1887-18??
SPRINGDALE	American Sunbeam	All issues 1972-1980, 1984-1985 Some issues 1981-1983
	Arkansaw Locomotive	All issues 1886-1887
	Springdale Daily news	All issues 1898?
	Springdale Enterprise	All issues 1881-1883
	Springdale Evening News	All issues 1890
	Springdale Journal	All issues 1883-18??
	Springdale News	All issues 1883-188?
	Springdale Yellow Jacket	All issues 1883-188?
	Times	All issues 1895-19??
WEST FORK	Voice of Satan from Devil's Den	All issues 1937?-19?? Some issues 1936
	West Fork News	All issues 1913
	West Fork Republican	Some issues 1885-1886
	West Fork Sun	All issues 1910
WINSLOW	Top	All issues 1927-19??
	Winslow American	Some issues 1908-1957
	Winslow Mirror	All issues 1908-19??

SALE PRICE $3.00

We've only a few left. The book is made up of columns and observations written in the 30's and 40's of this century. Typical is this comment written January 30, 1940: "My age grinds me a bit, but I take my pencil in hand and you cannot imagine how many hours I spend, how many obsessions I get worked out onto the paper. Many is the time I have written my pet peeve down in black on white only to discover it was too trivial for publication. Or too mean, or just plain stupid." Mrs. Fulbright, for whom Fayetteville's Public Library is named, was publisher of the *Northwest Arkansas Times*, and mother to Senator William J. Fulbright.

Another Chapter from "Seay and Allied Lines of western Washington Co., AR" by Billie Jines, Russell and Gwen Seay. (See May, 1992 *Flashback*)

CHAPTER 7

DRAKE, FIELDS, AND GRAHAM ANCESTRY

In the very early spring of 1986, as work on this book progressed, Gwen and Russell Seay and this writer made our way through brambles to the site of the Drake Cemetery. It is located off of what is known as the Bush Creek Valley Road, a couple of miles south of Lincoln, AR.

Climbing through yet another barbed wire fence, we reached the foundation stones of the old Sardus Church. We sat on these historic stones to eat our lunch, and Russell reminisced about attending the church that stood there when he was a child.

Then we walked on a number of yards to the rock wall enclosed Drake Cemetery. We found some graves outside the wall bearing such names as Rollin, Roller, and Day. We opened the old wrought iron gate and entered the cemetery proper.

There we found a near impossible situation. A few markers stood, but some of these were eroded by a century of wind and rain to the point of illegibility. Periwinkle vines, trapped within the stone wall, were green, vibrant and deep enough to completely cover not only graves, but entire markers. In between grew saplings and briars. Gwen would kneel down, rub a stone lightly with a fine sandpaper to try to decipher its inscription, while I noted the information. Russell cut more brambles ahead of us to ease our movement as we went. Once we retraced our steps, and there where Gwen had knelt at a stone, a small snake, badly mashed, but freshly dead, had made its way up through the vines to die. We, no doubt, stepped on others or knelt on others, who did not make it to the surface.

Finally, we reached the tall marker we sought. It read: "In the Memory of James Drake, born May 6, 1795, died June 15, 1857, A member of the M. E. Church about 31 years."

This marked the grave of Russell's great-great-great-

grandfather on his father's side. But where was the grave of James' wife, Margaret Fields Drake? There obviously was space to the left of James' grave for Margaret's but no stone marked the spot. Russell took his brush- cutter. Using it for a probe, he struck the sound of stone. Reaching down through the mass of growth, he brought up the grave marker for Margaret. It was in three parts, and read: "Margaret, wife of James Drake, Born March 15, 1799 Died May 21, 1879."

Here, then, were the graves of Russell's great-great-great-grandparents on his father's side. Russell's father, Jarva J. Seay, was the son of Emma Elizabeth Little. Emma was the daughter of Sarah Jane Graham, and Sarah Jane was the daughter of Elizabeth Drake, the oldest child of James and Margaret Fields Drake.

Before going back to the story's beginning, it should be pointed out that the fine, durable stone wall around the Drake Cemetery was built 1879 by P. T. Mosely, according to a receipt in the probate records of the Washington Co. Courthouse. The receipt for $75 was made out to Wesley Drake, executor of the estate of James and Margaret. Wesley was their son.

A great wealth of information exists today about the Drake family, and this will be drawn on here to explain the earlier story of James and Margaret. In order to prevent the interruptive use of footnotes, credit is simply given to the main sources of information. The papers of a grandson of James and Margaret, Dr. Fields Drake, are housed at the University of Arkansas Library. These were studied. A daughter of Fields Drake, Vera Drake Wade of Fayetteville, utilized the help of Lois Miller of Fayetteville in some research. Mrs. Miller is a friend of this writer, too. She made copies of voluminous materials for this writer. These include two lengthy letters written many years ago by Wesley Drake, eldest son of James and Margaret, concerning his parents and their family. Combining these with many other sources of research, such as census records of both Gallatin Co, Ill, and Washington Co., AR, courthouse records and many others, the story is presented here:

Born in Virginia, James Drake was "raised in the lower parts of Kentucky," as described by his son, Wesley, in 1893. Wesley was writing to Mr. J. Jacob Drake to see if he knew anything to help him regarding information about James Drake.

"I do not know his father's given name," he wrote, "but your names seem to be some of my father's brothers to the best of my recollection. My father's father married the second time, that gave my father a stepmother when he was about fifteen. He said his father told him he could go and do for himself. He gave him a colt and he struck out for himself. He went aboating when a young man, I supposed in Kentucky. So he traveled around, got up in Illinois State and became acquainted with Jacob Sexton, lived with him and worked for him till he married Margaret Fields.

"So my father and mother had three children borned unto them in the state of Illinois," Wesley went on. "Here is their names- Elizabeth, Wesley and Susan. There was ten in all. The rest was borned in Arkansas."

The letter continued: "in 1822, my father and Jacob Sexton emigrated to AR, settled on southside of Arkansas River near McClain's Bottom. From there they moved up to Loveles Purchase, which country was traded (?) away through the influence of Senator Sevier to the Cherokee Indians, so we had to get away so we moved down to Big Frog Bayou, opened a farm, thence to Washington Co., AR, both father and Jacob Sexton."

Here, it should be pointed out that when James Drake and Jacob Sexton and families were in what Wesley called "Loveles Purchase," they were in the vicinity of Fort Gibson, in what is now Oklahoma, according to another letter Wesley wrote. That letter has been badly deteriorated and some words are missing. Fort Gibson was in the historic Lovely Purchase (Lovely County), which included a section of both Arkansas and Oklahoma. A negotiation in 1828 worked out a treaty with the Cherokees that set the present line between Arkansas and the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma). White settlers were moved from west of the line to east of it, and Cherokees east of the line were moved west of it. In the treaty, Congress gave the white settlers a grant of 320 acres which "the government gave the whites" and added that "father sold it."

"The Drakes and the Sextons settled and lived near each other," Wesley said, "till they died on Barron Fork of Illinois River west of Cane Hill."

Backing up in time, now, to the teenaged years of James

Drake and Margaret Fields, it seems that James fought in the War of 1812. Wesley's second letter said, "He (James Drake) was in U. N. States service as (soldier) for six months for which he (illegible: received?) a land warrant (illegible)... by the Indians (illegible) in Peoria in the state of Illinois. Then he became acquainted with Margaret Fields and was married."

A couple of other items make mention of the War of 1812: Someone wrote at the top of Wesley's letter to one of his sons that "This says nothing of James Drake serving in the Black Hawk War." The Black Hawk War in Illinois was a part of the War of 1812. In addition, a document in the probate files signed by George W. M. Reed on Aug. 12, 1879 says, "Received of Wesley Drake the sum of Ten Dollars Attorney Fee for prosecuting the Pension Claim of Margaret Drake, deceased."

So it is known that James Drake reached Illinois by 1812-1814,probably around 1810 or 1811 when he was 15 or 16. There are voluminous records to tell more, such as land homesteads and purchases by James and Margaret in Arkansas, but space will not allow repeating all of these here.

It is noteworthy, perhaps, to quote more from one of Wesley's letters to help descendants understand his later life:

"My father, James Drake, was struck with dead palsy on June 1833... Thus, you see from the time he was struck with palsy back to the (time?) he settled was about 4 years. He settled a place in wild forest not a mark of improvement. I was about 12 years old, thus I had to stem the ruff and hard work, though we had some 20 or 30 acres fenced and in cultivation. Lived in a small log house with split puncheons for a floor, yet he managed to still gain in the goods of this perishing world. There was soon school houses and churches rose up to educate in civil and religious society. The country improved rapidly.

"I had a brother about __ years younger than I was who helped me work but alas he was taken sick and died. The next younger died when he was 2 or 3 years old; taken with croup one night, died next. So I still had to breast the storm. One more brother fifteen years younger. He was good to work but in his time we had bought a black man. My younger brother still lives. He was well educated. So you can see there was four boys and six girls, ten in all.

"My first and second sisters married and raised families; also third and last sister raised families. One sister never married. She was sick with fever. It fell or settled in shoulder caused her to be weakly. She lived to be about 30 years and died..."

Whether James Drake suffered from Parkinson's disease or some other form of palsy is not known. It is obvious, though, that he was disabled, from 1833 to 1857, when he died.

There is one record of a slave that James Drake owned, but the record refers to his sale of the "Negro boy." Dated August 15, 1846, the document says: "Know all men by these presents that I, James Drake, of the County of Washington in the State of Arkansas, for and in consideration of the sum of Four hundred and Sixty two 50/100 Dollars to me in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged have bargained sold and delivered unto David C. Edministon of the county aforesaid a certain Negro Boy, a slave for life aged about seventeen years named William, sound in body and mind and title warranted against the lawful claims of all and every person or persons..."

This indicates that the James Drakes owned but one slave, since Wesley's letter said that the work fell on him when his father fell ill, but that by the time his brother, 15 years younger than he, was old enough to work, the family had bought a black man. His brother , Jackson T. Walker Drake, was born about 1833, 15 years after Wesley was born. Walker would have been about 13 when the slave, William, was sold.

Without the two letters written by Wesley Drake and somehow preserved for nearly a century, it would not have been possible to understand the Drake family situation that brought about the happenings discussed here.

It can be seen, though, through the 1850 Farm Schedules at the U of A Library that much hard work went into survival for the family. In the 1850 Census, Wesley had been married less than a year, and his wife's two brothers, Jacob and Isaac Kellam, aged 12 and 14, lived with them. At the household of Wesley's parents, James and Margaret Drake, they were aged 55 and 52, and three of their unmarried children were still at home: Jackson, 17; Melissa, 14; and Sarah, 8. Meantime,the eldest daughters, Malinda Graham, 12, and Sarah Graham, 10, were living with James and Margaret.

That year, 1850, the James Drake farm consisted of 320 acres, of which 70 were improved. The farm that year produced 60 pounds of wool, 25 bushels of Irish potatoes, 60 bushels of sweet potatoes,--wheat, 600 bushels of corn and 350 bushels of oats. The farm contained three horses, four mules, seven cows, six oxen, eight other cattle, 23 sheep and 65 swine.

Margaret Fields Drake lived 22 years longer than her husband, dying May 21, 1879. The 10 children she and James had were as follows:

1. Elizabeth Drake *(See below)*
2. Wesley Drake
3. Susan Drake
4. James Drake, Jr.- born ca. 1823, died in 1838, according to his marker at Drake Cemetery.
5. Malinda Drake
6. Steven Drake- died in 1831, aged three, says his marker at Drake Cemetery
7. Martha Jane Drake
8. Jackson T. Walker Drake- born ca 1833. Wife's name was Mary J., according to an 1859 probate record.
9. Malissa Margaret Drake
10. Sarah Eveline Drake

Russell Seay's Great-Great-Grandmother: Elizabeth Drake (daughter of James Drake)

Born November 22, 1816 in Gallatin Co. Illinois, Elizabeth was nearly six years old when her parents and the Jacob Sextons, in 1822, immigrated to Arkansas. Sometime in the 1830's, before the marriage records which now exist in Washington Co., she was married to Jackson A. Graham. He was born in Tennessee. He also was a homesteader in Washington Co., like so many others of that era. Jackson and Elizabeth had two children before his death sometime in the 1840's. When the 1850 Census was taken, Elizabeth and their two daughters were living with her parents, James and Margaret Drake. Nothing more is known about J. A. Graham.

Ten years later, when the 1860 Census was taken, Elizabeth and the two daughters were in their own household, No. 47, next door to Elizabeth's brother, Wesley Drake and his family. Elizabeth was teaching school.

Both of Elizabeth's daughters married in the 1860's, and on Sept. 4, 1867, Elizabeth remarried, that time to John Billingsley. He was 63, and she was 51. The officiating minister was the Rev. Jacob Sexton.

John Billingsley, according to the June, 1986 issue of "Ozarks Mountaineer," was the first settler in the community now known as Hog Eye in the Mountain Township of Washington Co. The community post office at one time was called the Billingsley Post Office in his honor. In 1887, the Billingsley Church was dedicated to his memory. He was referred to as Major John Billingsley in the magazine article. Earlier censuses, before his marriage to Elizabeth Drake (Graham) show that he had been married and reared a family.

Both John, at age 79, and Elizabeth, aged 65, still were living when the 1880 census was taken. Living with them were four of Elizabeth's grandchildren, children of her daughter, Malinda Graham (Edmondson): Sarah, 18: Charles T., 14; Ada, 9: and Ida, 9. All four were in school. Samuel, then 16, was not there.

Elizabeth died March 28, 1887, according to her marker at Ganderville Cemetery near the graves of her younger daughter and son-in-law. Sarah Jane Graham and Ambrose H. S. Little. Elizabeth's marker said that she had formerly been married to J. A. Graham. Children of Elizabeth and Jackson A. Graham:

1. Malinda Margaret Graham *
2. Sarah M. Jane Graham **

*Malinda Margaret Graham
Daughter of Elizabeth, Daughter of James Drake

Born c1838 or 1840 in Arkansas. Married on September 13, 1860 to Thomas F. Edmondson. He was born Jan. 13, 1839 and died in 1881, according to his marker at Ganderville Cemetery. In the 1870 Census, T. F. and M. Edmonston, aged 31 and 32, headed household No. 59 in the Marrs Hill Township of Washington Co. In 1880, neither Thomas F. nor Malinda

showed up in the census, but their children, except for Samuel, showed up in the household of Malinda's mother and stepfather, Elizabeth and John Billingsley. Censuses showed that they had three children in 1870, S. B., 8; Samuel, 6; and Charles, 4. Sarah (S.B.), then 18, and Charles, then 14, plus their younger twin sisters, Ada and Ida, 9, were with Elizabeth and John in 1880.

**Sarah M. Jane Graham
Daughter of Elizabeth, Daughter of James Drake

The great-grandmother of Russell J. Seay, Sarah was born December 2, 1839 in Arkansas, and died May 4, 1917, according to her marker at the Ganderville Cemetery.

On June 10, 1866 in Washington Co., she was married to Ambrose Hunley Sevier Little. The details about Sarah and Ambrose Little are to be found in Chapter 6.

More information about the other children of James Drake and his wife, Margaret Fields Drake, was accumulated during the research of this book. However, it was decided to follow the direct line on down; hence only Elizabeth's line was used.

Relatives of Margaret Fields Drake

It seems most likely that Margaret Fields was residing with the Stephen Fields family when she was married in 1816 in Gallatin Co. Ill. to James Drake.

It is known that Stephen Fields went to Gallatin Co. prior to 1809, since he was listed by Goodspeed's HISTORY OF GALLATIN, SALINE, HAMILTON, FRANKLIN AND WILLIAMSON COUNTIES, ILLINOIS as having been one of the early settlers in that county. The history mentioned Stephen and James Fields, who appear to have been brothers. In regards to Indian mounds, it said:

> *This mound, otherwise known as Sugar Loaf Mound, was visited at least as early as 1809 by Stephen Fields and James Fields.*

Probate records in that county in 1819 and 1820, regarding the death of Thornton Tally, show that Stephen and James Fields both married daughters of Thornton Tally.

When Illinois became a state in 1818, a special census was taken. There was only one Fields family in Gallatin Co., and that was the family of Stephen Fields. The next household was headed by James Drake. As pointed out earlier, James Drake and Margaret Fields had been married in 1816. James Fields may have been residing with Stephen and his family, for two years later, in 1820, the census showed a household for both Stephen and for James Fields — and, again, James Drake's household was next door to that of Stephen Fields. This was two years before James and Margaret Drake emigrated to Arkansas.

The book, *Shawneetown Land Entry Plat Maps 1814-1820* for several Illinois counties, including Gallatin, show that Stephen Fields was the only Fields to have entered land in that time period. The land office at Shawneetown in the county of Gallatin was opened in 1814, and the first entry was made on July 7 of that year. Stephen made an entry for 160 acres on October 31, 1814. The map outlining these locations show that Stephen Fields' entry was immediately south of that of Jacob Sexton, who entered for 160 acres on July 21, 1814. (See page 67 for Jacob Sexton, another ancestor of Russell J. Seay). Joseph Scott (see page 67) entered September 13, 1816 for 160 acres, and between his acreage and that of Stephen Fields' was the land of Thornton Tally, entered on July 26, 1814.

Coincidentally, the Old Fields farm still is owned by Fields descendants there in Gallatin Co., and Lois Miller of Fayetteville and her husband, Tom, own a farm adjoining it. They took pictures of two buildings on the old Fields Farm and gave them to Russell and Gwen Seay. One shows an old cypress barn that still stands today. The old log house of the other picture has been added on to and enlarged into the home of a Fields descendant who left the old log walls exposed inside.

The Millers also took photos at the Fields Cemetery in Gallatin Co., Ill. and made a census of the cemetery. Copies of a published book on Gallatin Co. cemeteries said that the Fields Cemetery is located in Gold Hill Township, about 100 feet west of the Shawnee road across from the old Fields School. Stephen's marker shows that he died in 1860.

This brings up the reason for believing that Stephen Fields was a brother of Margaret Fields, rather than her father. They

were too close in age to have been father and daughter, there being only about nine years difference in their ages. Stephen Fields named one daughter Margaret, and Margaret Fields (Drake) named one son Stephen. Of course, if Stephen Fields were Margaret's brother, so would James Fields be, also, apparently. Stephen Fields was born about 1790, James Fields was born about 1796, and Margaret Fields (Drake) was born in 1799.

Miscellaneous

A son of Wesley Drake was Dr. Fields Drake who was a highly respected geologist. Born January 30, 1864 at Cincinnati in western Washington Co., he taught at the University of Arkansas from 1912-20. Earlier, he enjoyed a distinguished career, including research-teaching in China, where he married Mary Eleanor Shockley. Their two daughters reside in Fayetteville, AR: Doris Drake Wigglesworth, an artist, and Vera Drake Wade, widow of an Arkansas State Senator.

CORRECTION

My wife, Roma Seay Wantuck, is the daughter of Joe Seay, born May 1, 1907, and Joe is the son of Della C. Seay and Ora Blankenship Seay which is covered in the 1992 May issue of Flashback, pg. 42. This was a very interesting article ("Seay and Allied Lines") and revealed a number of unknown facts about Roma's ancestors.

Regarding this article, Roma has provided some additions and corrections on page 42 which are set out below:

1. Her records show that Della Seay's middle initial was "C," not "E," and he was always called "Dell."
2. Dell's wife's maiden name was Ora Blankenship.
3. Birthdate corrections and additions:
   Joe (Denton) Seay: May 1, 1907 (correction)
   Gertrude Seay: May 3, 1910 *
   Granville Seay: August 4, 1913 *

* *Gertrude and Granville were additional children not reflected in the 1910 census.*

Cordially,
William H. Wantuck and Roma Seay Wantuck, 2514 E. 18th Street, Tulsa, OK 74104

Need parents of Isaac N. NEWMAN, b. c1835 KY, d. 28 May 1908 Oak Grove, Carroll Co, AR; married Lucinda KING, b. 8 Jan 1844 KY, d. 26 March 1915 Oak Grove, Carroll Co, AR.

Children of this union:

1. Alice Lucinda, b. 1864, d. 1929; m. William A. Bailey
2. Isaac Thomas, b. 1865, d. 1889; m. Demares Viola Humbard
3. Mary R., b. 1867
4. Ollie J., b. 1868, d. 1947; m. Marion Frank Atchley
5. James W., b. 1870, d. ?; m. Nellie Sarah Rhodes
6. Mack Henry, b. 1871, d. ?; m. Lenora Scott
7. Allen Washington, b. 1874; m. Ella Butler
8. George F., b. 1875, d. 1903
9. Luwella, b. c1876; m. _____ Fee
10. Alexander C., b. 1878; m. Victoria J. Dorrell
11. Lona C., b. 1880; m. _____ Searcu
12. Zillie, b. 1881; m. Verna Butler
13. Wilson M., b. 1884, d. 1903; m. Minnie E. Cox

Found 1870 in Todd Co, KY — 1880 Carroll Co, AR

Need parents of Lucinda ROBERTS, b. 8 Oct 1817 TN, d. 9 Feb 1881 Doniphan Co, KS; m. 1840 in Clinton Co, MO to Robert Guy Mansfield, b. 1821 KY, d 1863 MO (Civil War).

Children of this union:

1. Elizabeth Ann, b. 1840, d. 1844

2. Margaret Jane, b. 1842, d. 1903; m. H. C. Wykert
3. James William, b. 1844, d. 1844
4. John Shelton, b. 1845, d. 1916; m. Mary Josephine Collins
5. Ephraim A, b. 1848, d. 1851
6. Benjamin F, b. 1850, d. 1851
7. Allen A., b. 1852, d. 1924
8. Mary Adeline, b. 1854, d. 1871; m. William Allen Lewis
9. William Simpson, b. 1855, d. 1931; m. Maria Neeland
10. Glenn, b. 1858, d. 1932; m. Alta Elizabeth Snethen

Need parents of both John J. Collins, b. 1800 VA, d. 1873 Doniphan Co, KS; m. c1826 to Sarah A. Haynes, b. 1810 MO, d. 1873 Doniphan Co, KS

Children of this union:

1. Theodore, b. 1831, Fayette Co, PA
2. Margaret V., b. 1838, Fayette Co, PA; m. James S. Wills
3. Hannah F. Collins, b. 1842 Fayette Co, PA; m. Richard B. Taylor
4. Mary Josephine, b. 1845, d. 1910; m. John Shelton B Mansfield
5. William Collins, b. 1847 Fayette Co, PA
6. Joseph W. Collins, b. 1849 Fayette Co, PA
7. Charles E. Collins, b. 1851 Fayette Co, PA; m. Ella

Info to Lucille Haskill Bailey, 9948 Lull Street, Burbank, CA 91504-1023 phone 818-767-7338

I would like to exchange information of these families living in Washington County in 1870's & 80's:

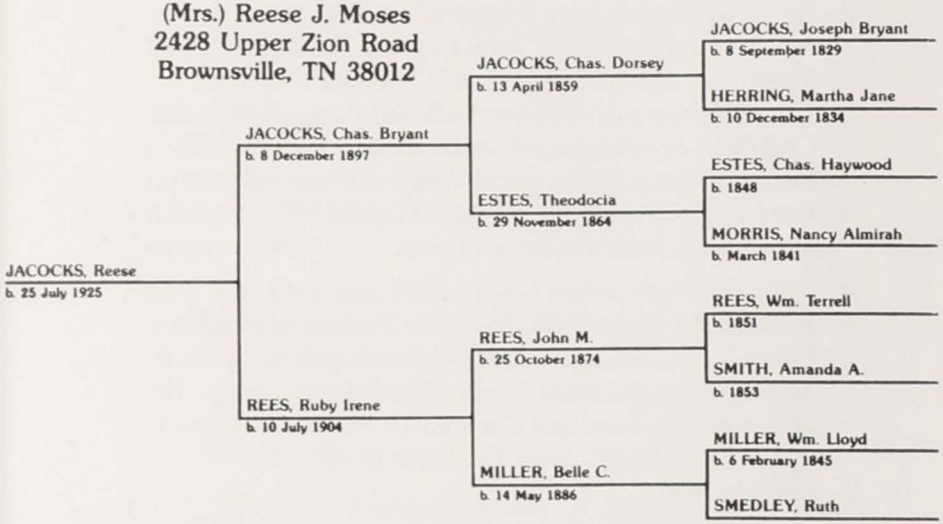
1. William H. and Elija Collins Luper
2. Joshua and Sarah Essex Collins
3. Samuel and Mary Jane Collins Harden
4. Sarah Ward Collins-Randolph-Wilson

5. Mitchell and Sarah A. Thompson Collins
6. Sterling and Susan J. McAnnally
7. Riley Collins who died in 1859 in Washington County

Send to: Jerry V. Collins, 1940 South 6th Street, Abilene, TX 79602

I am a dedicated family historian. I am interested in sharing information with anyone who might be related to me. If you think we might have a family connection, please contact me:

(Mrs.) Reese J. Moses
2428 Upper Zion Road
Brownsville, TN 38012



Am seeking information concerning the family of William Skelton who settled in Washington County, AR during the winter of 1829- 1830. He is reported to have journeyed to the Fayetteville area in 1827 in the company of Troy Gordon, Alexander Standfield and Hosea Cardwell. Troy Gordon remained in Arkansas and the others returned to Tennessee for their families.

William Skelton was the son of John Skelton and Elizabeth "Betsy" Roberts who were married in Amherst County, Virginia, in 1789. William Skelton was born in 1801 in Virginia. Between 1800 and 1812, the family of John and Elizabeth Skel-

ton migrated to Hawkins County, Tennessee, where John Skelton died in 1859.

At a young age, William Skelton left home. He married Mary "Pollie" Gordon near McMinnville, Warren County, Tennessee, on the 7 October 1824. The children of William and Polly Gordon include:

1. Melvina, born 24 July 1825, married Alexander Denny. Melvina died between 1845 and 1848. Alexander Denny died 23 February 1878. His obituary states that he was the quartermaster and chief wagon master of the train that took the Cherokee Indians from Georgia to the Indian Nation of Oklahoma in the spring of 1838.
2. James Alexander, born 9 September 1826, married Melinda Lindley, son of John Lindley. James Alexander Skelton served in the Mexican War under Stephen Enyart's Company of Arkansas Volunteers. During the Civil War, he volunteered in the service of Churchill's Division, Confederate States Army. He was wounded at the Battle of Pea Ridge on the 7 March 1862. He died 9 March 1862 from wounds received.
3. John Thaddeus, born 16 April 1829, married Mary Rebekah Vernon. John Thaddeus Skelton enlisted at Camp Rector 4 August 1862. He was a private in Co. F, 1st Regiment Arkansas Cavalry Confederate Army. He later was appointed 2nd Corporal of the same company under J. Fen Rieff. John Thaddeus Skelton died 22 January 1908.
4. Louisa Mary, born 31 July 1832, married Josiah Smith Thompson. Louisa Mary died 7 May 1884.
5. Nancy Adeline, born 26 May 1834, married Major Lafayette Boone. Nancy and her baby died 13 October 1865. Major Lafayette Boone was an officer in Stirman's Regiment of Sharpshooters, Phifer's Brigade, Confederate States Army. He was seriously wounded at the Battle of Corinth in Mississippi. He was paralyzed the remainder of his life and died August 1900.
6. America Ann "Meck," born 29 May 1836, never married. She died 22 March 1892.

7. Troy Hamilton, born 8 September 1838, died 20 August 1841.
8. Helen Tennessee, born 30 December 1840, married George Washington Stuckey. Helen Tennessee died 30 April 1910.
9. Cornelia and William Lycurgus, twins, born 31 January 1843. Cornelia Skelton married Robert Seaburn Anderson. She died 8 November 1913. William Lycurgus Skelton was killed 3 October 1862 at the Battle of Corinth in Mississippi. He was a Lieutenant in Robard's Company. Stirman's Regiment of the Confederate States Army.
10. Martha Wallace, born 14 July 1846, married James H. VanHoose. She died in 1930.

William Skelton, father to the above named children, left Washington County in 1863 as a refugee of the Civil War. He and his companion, Hezekiah Appleby, died near Waco, Texas, in August of 1864. Mary "Polly" Skelton, wife of William, died 16 February 1886.

Please contact David Palmer, 176 Van Horne Crescent NE, Calgary, Alberta Canada T2E6H1, or Vicki Rounsavall, 1949 Juneway Terrace, Fayetteville, AR 72703.

GILES/EVITT. Seeking parents of James Leeroy (Roy) Giles, born 11 July 1863, Texas or Arkansas, married Armendia Eunice Evitt on March 7, 1882, Marthaville, Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana. Lived in Locksburg, Arkansas; Fort Towson, Oklahoma; and Hobbs, New Mexico where he died 9 January 1941. He was ordained a Church of Christ minister on 9 October 1898 in Sevier County, Arkansas.

Children were: T. Jack, Roberta, Elijah GREEN (my grandfather), Lessley, Andrew William, Etter, and James Leeroy Giles, Jr.

Submitted by: Lynda Chalk Welch, 5535 Willow Lane, Dallas, TX, 75230, 214-233-6610.

A 1930 Winter Excursion in the Ozarks

by Lucretia A. Little

My family was composed of my father and mother, Oscar and Bernice, plus we children, Oscar Jr., Alex, and I, all living in Walnut Grove, AR in the 1930's. Father was the teaching principal of Walnut Grove High School. There, in this unusually small village, was a spot where some degree of culture was always present. The Community House was the usual location for many cultural exchanges.

A weekly silent movie was shown in the Community House, and people from miles around came to enjoy "big time" shows. In addition to this exposure, there was a great deal of local talent offered by many of the local residents. One of the very versatile performers was the Rev. Robert "Dooley" Burns, who lived down the street from Community House. He was a tall, dark haired man with as much charisma as many present day Hollywood Romeos. His presentations, whether in the pulpit or in the Community House, were uniquely wholesome and always humorous. One of his favorite characters was the role of a clown. He loved to do black faced minstrels, too. My father, who had a good share of stage presentations and improvisations would team up with "Dooley" Burns either as a duo or in a larger group for a melodrama. The group often offered full length dramas that were royalty free. They certainly could not have afforded to pay royalties. Some scripts were their own.

"Dooley" Burns' family consisted of his wife, Elizabeth; his mother, Becky; his daughter, Betty; and son, Bob. My brother, Oscar Jr., and I shared some interesting experiences with the Burns Family.

One cultural experience that has stayed with me for more than sixty years was a trip to Fayetteville to see a movie "Broadway Melodies." The show, a talkie, starred Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. We were then seeing "talkies"— but just rarely.

This was an extremely cold February night in 1930. All of the Burns family; "Dooley," the father; Elizabeth, the mother; Becky, the over 200 pound much loved grandmother; Bob and Betty, the Burns ten and twelve year olds; and Oscar Jr. and I,

the eleven and nine year old Curtis children all piled into the enclosed Model A Ford to begin the fifteen mile trip.

When a family traveled on county roads in Arkansas on a cold winter night after the biggest and deepest snow in history, they did so at their own risk. Roads were not paved; they were not graveled; they were lucky to have received a good grading in recent months. After many freezes and thaws of the season, there were ruts in the road from Walnut Grove to Fayetteville ten inches deep. Knowing this, "Dooley" used his wisdom in placing Becky with her tremendous weight in what seemed to be a strategic seating position in the automobile. Becky was placed directly behind the driver which was opposite to the ditch side. Oscar Jr., Bob, and I were seated in the remainder of the back cushion to balance Becky's voluminous weight. "Dooley," Elizabeth, and Betty occupied the front. We sang as we drove along. We were covered with lap robes to help keep out the cold. An astute observer would have surmised we hadn't a care.

The ruts grew deeper. The road became very slippery. Suddenly, the car took one giant slide into a ditch. A loud "crunch" was heard. All of us piled out to find what was wrong. It was no colder outside the car than it was inside. The vehicle was definitely in the ditch, but, in addition, it had a strange list to the side where Becky had sat. A quick examination revealed what was suspected. On Becky's side of the car was a broken spring. Not to be done in by such a simple problem, "Doolev" said. "Well, I'll drive the car on to the road. Then we'll all get back in. We'll just shift sides. Becky will sit on the side opposite the broken spring." So, we did, and the list was hardly noticeable as the undaunted group arrived in Fayetteville a little late, but no less enthusiastic to see "Broadway Melodies." Our muddy feet under the theater seats didn't show. The theater was nice and warm. A fine time was had by all. It was discovered Becky added more than just warm fellowship on a cold winter night. She had a decided balancing effect on the whole situation!

If there is no God,
and what we see here on earth is all there is,
we are in deep trouble.

Letter Addressed to Mrs. Sallie R. Thomas Individually

Camp Mazzard, Arkansas
December 18, 1862

Most affectionate Companion,

It is with great pleasure that I avail myself of this opportunity of writing you a few lines individually to inform you of my health.

I am in as good health at present as could be expected after such a tremendous exposing march as I have just gone through with. We marched day and night nearly a whole week and I had no more idea I would get through than could fly but fortunately I did without being even touched any where with lead but I assure you Sallie, I never wish to go through what I have. I never want to be exposed to bullets bums & grape shot as I was at the Battle of Prairie Grove about 3 & 4 o'clock. Oh! Sallie was not the 7th of Dec one of the most beautiful days you ever saw. You have no idea what my thoughts were on that day we started down Boston Mountain just at day light clear cold & frosty. Sunrise was beautiful to behold the suns rays shined through the tree tops with uncommon refulgence and when we arrived at Aunt Sinas I thought of past scenes I thought of past Sunday when we were on our way to church or sitting on that well known porch on West Fork waiting for the hour of church to arrive, enjoying life as well as any one could wish and unmolested by any one not even an enemy among our neighbors, let alone a Comon Country enemy. I reflected all this over and over and could hardly keep down tears when I thought how close I was to you & how well we enjoyed ourselves on the very ground that I was going to be perhaps brutally butchered on in a few moments, we were tired & slept while the enemy was throwing bums over us and when they began to come close to me I felt as though I would be protected I did not know what to do but when we went to fighting I put my trust in the Saviour and went ahead and after the first chg was over I felt thankful that my life was spared and still put my trust in the same one who guided me through the first. Oh! Sallie what were your thoughts on this eve you heard the guns and I guess you thought each sound would put an end to my existence. I felt very bad indeed I thought perhaps you were without anything to eat and any

house to sleep in and no telling what my thoughts were when I was not engaged in fighting. I hope and trust that our Saviour is watching over you and Dear Little Willie and is protecting you with his good blessings strown around you and that you have something to eat and keep warm.

I can't hear from you at all some times I give up all hopes of ever seeing or hearing from home any more and then I think perhaps I will after while get a letter from you some way but I tell you it looks very dim. I am in very low spirits lower than I ever was I don't have any hope of the Confederacy gaining her independence by fighting but she may fight till foreign powers interfere but don't have much hope of them but we may be driven to the Cost and there our Army disbanded and then the war is just begun they will have to put a force in every town sufficient to hold the place overall the Southern men in the county and you well know they can't do this for they have not got enough soldiers for this and more than this when the Southern army is disbanded the respectable part of the federal army will go home and will not remain any longer in the service and this will cause a compromise to be made this is my opinion about it though it may be incorrect I think there will be a Marion (?) in every County to whip out the Federal Post. Well this is enough about this. Time will prove it all. I will tell you who was killed and wounded. W. T. Martin, Tom Barrett killed in our company that we know of. Holland, Nelson Williford, Alf Holt, George Dallin Ted Lollitte Bob Mays wounded that we know of Frank Cox John Cox Nick Carnirobe Cates T. J. Sims Dan Chatman and others are missing we don't know what have become of them but we suppose a good many are wounded and killed. Till Duke was killed he was brave as a Tiger and a good officer. We here that a great many have died since we don't know who have died you know more about it than I do. I guess I will write things you will be wearied with. You ought to have wrote a letter by Boudinott when he took the flag of truce up - or send one by Dr. Pollard to out hospital and get him to rescind it down I expect I could get a letter from Cane Hill I expect I will send a letter shortly to Mat Hagood and get her to forward it to you. Ewing Hagood is dead and Moses Tharp is in a band we heard by a little boy who was dischgd. It is time to close we are in a hard

Camp Blazzard Ark Kansas
December 18th 1862

My Willie and for God's sake raise him up in the way he should go and teach him to respect and pray his maker if nothing else. Save your own soul and your own dear Dan

Most affectionate Companion

It is with great pleasure that I avail myself of this opportunity of writing you a few lines individually to inform you of my health &c. I am in as good health at present as could be expected after such a tremendous exposing march as I have just gone through with. We marched day and night nearly a whole week and I had no more idea I would get through than could fly but fortunately I did without being even touched any where with lead but I assure you Sallie, I never wish to go through what I have never want to be exposed to bullets Bums & Grape shot as I was at the battle of Prairie Grove about 3 or 4 o'clock Oh! Sallie was not that a glorious one of the most beautiful days you ever saw you have no idea what my thoughts were on that day we started down Boston mountain just at day light Clear Cold & frosty Sunrise was beautiful to behold the Suns rays shined through the tree tops with uncommon refulgence and when we arrived at Aunt Dinas I thought of past scenes I thought of past Sunday when we were on our way to Church or sitting on that well known porch on West Fork waiting for the hour of Church to arrive, enjoying life as well as any one could wish and unmolested by any one not even an enemy among our neighbours let alone a Comon Country enemy. I reflected all this over and over and could hardly keep down tears when I thought how dear I was to you & how well we had enjoyed our selves on the very ground that I was going to be perhaps brutally butchered on in a few moments, we were tired & slept while the enemy was throwing Bums over us and when they began to come close to me I felt as though I could be protected I did not know what to do but when we went to fighting I put my trust in [illegible] and after the first day

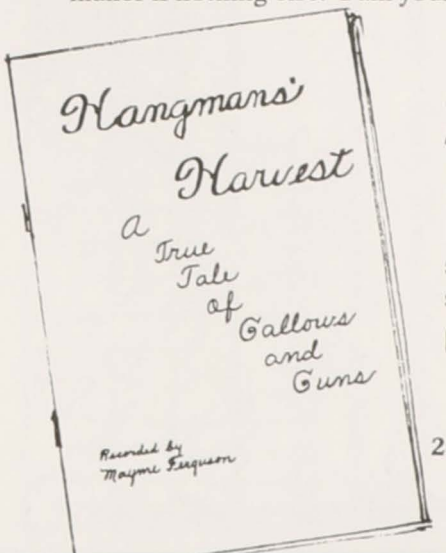
Copy From Original Letter Written by Dan. P. Thomas

place we may move in few days to Little Rock. I think we will go that way sure hope you will do the best you can I am in great trouble. I heard today that there was 600 wounded in Fayetteville and 300 between there and the Battle ground and that they only allow families one room and put wounded in the rest. Oh what is your condition. I think you would surely leave there and go to somebody's house. I must close now I may write again soon- Write for God Sake if you can tell everybody who belongs to the Army you see to come and come quick if they ever are coming. I will ad no more. Tell Alla & all the rest to write and tell them to write & read this.

I remain your affectionate Companion, Dan P. Thomas

Written in the margins: See copies pages 24-25

This is morning rested very badly last night I don't know what we will do when it gets colder Sallie I guess Bent has got home and told you that I left my nap sack. I left it at John Mock's also Cobb and David and some of you had better go and get our clothes out of there and let the nap sacks alone for it might cause you some trouble. I left an over shirt pr drawers Hicory shirt old - --- shirt and some other things in it. I must close please write soon and tell me about the Battle you all and about your pa's folks and every thing you can think of. I would love to be at home but I can't be there now can only trust to our Saviour to bring me back to you. Kiss Willie and for God Sake raise him up in the way he should go and teach him to respect and fear his maker if nothing else. I am yours ever more. Dan.



See page 43 in this *Flashback* for her story of her paternal grandmother, Mary Lou Vena Long Mayes. *Hangman's Harvest* sells for $1.50 each, a price set by its author.

Hurry, not many left!

GRANDMA TALES

(As told to Blanche and Frisco Roberts, by their grandmother, Sally Ann Crawford Roberts.)

William Johnson Roberts, son of Johnson Martin Roberts and Anna Jane Dobkins, was born in Athens, Georgia, June 12, 1839. He moved to Arkansas with his parents in 1857 and served as a First Lieutenant under General Price in the Battle of Pea Ridge in 1861.

He married Sally Ann Crawford March 3, 1868 in Washington Co, a daughter of Samuel Craig Crawford and Elizabeth Harrah. The wedding was performed by the Reverend Moses Sutton, who we understand was a Methodist minister. Sally Ann Crawford was born August 11, 1844 and died in Texas January 29, 1929. She is buried in the Mathes Cemetery near Waller, Texas.

They had several children:

Fred Roberts	James Daily Roberts*
Luke Lee Roberts	Annie Pearl Roberts
Wm. Charles Roberts	Mamye Roberts
Bertie Elizabeth Roberts	Effie Jane Roberts*

**Died in infancy*

My father was Fred Roberts. He was christened Fred Samuel Johnson Roberts but dropped the Samuel Johnson early in life. He married Anna Catherine Ray.

During their residence in Arkansas, William Johnson Roberts and his family lived on a farm. The property description is written in a book flyleaf that is named *The New American Dictionary of the English Language.*

This book was presented to Fred Roberts by his Uncle Andy Roberts about the year 1880 in Springdale, AR, Washington Co, Prairie Township, Range 29, Section 16, one mile and one-half west of White River, one mile from Zion Church, 8 miles northeast of Fayetteville. Our farm was in an 'L' shape. The stem of the 'L' fronts on the War Eagle Road. The main source of a clear creek was in our pasture.

This is a story told to Frisco Roberts, back in his childhood about an event which took place at her home in Washington

County, a few miles southeast of Springdale, during the Civil War days.

At that time Union soldiers and bushwhackers were molesting farm folks 'most every night and day looking for gold. It got so bad that they shot Johnson Martin Roberts in his home because he had no gold. Johnson Martin Roberts was my great grandfather and father of grandma's husband, William Johnson Roberts. Grandma's folks had her hide all their money somewhere out in the pasture. They told her she should tell no one in the family that she had hidden the money or where it was. They also told her if anyone was reported searching the area to hide out away from home.

One day the intruders came looking for gold. No one knew of any gold or any money so they took her two young twin brothers, Elbert C. and Albert P. Crawford, ages about 11 at the time, and hung them to the clothes line trying to make them talk. Just before they choked, the boys were let down. This convinced the bushwhackers they knew nothing about money or gold, so the renegades left.

To Fred and Luke, sons of Sally Ann Crawford Roberts, Sunday meant freedom from everyday chores on the farm. But to town boys, it meant Sunday clothes and shoes. Fred and Luke did have shoes and dress-up clothes, but this time of day on Sunday it was strictly a day of rest and time to do things they wanted.

On this particular Sunday afternoon, they were gathering nuts along the creek when they heard people talking. They looked up to see a man and woman with two boys of their own age approaching the creek from the other side. They were all dressed up in their Sunday Clothes.

"Oh boys," called the lady in a friendly voice, "My sons want to gather some nuts."

"Oh, but they have on their Sunday clothes. Won't you carry them across?"

Fred and Luke eyed the city boys and then looked at each other and a message seemed to pass between them. They then said, "Fine" and waded across the creek and took the dressed up boys on their backs. Carefully, so it seemed, they started back, picking their way over the rocks and pebbles in the stream.

But mid-way across the creek, both boys slipped and fell at the same time, taking their piggy-back riders down with them into the bubbling brook.

"Oh!" cried the lady on the dry land, "You terrible boys. You did that on purpose. Oh, my poor lambs."

"No Ma'am, it just happened," said Luke. "It's a bad spot."

"Young fellow," said the father, "I think it was deliberate. You both need a sound spanking, and I've a mind to give it to you."

Fred grinned. "Come on across," he invited, "sure, we did it on purpose."

The challenge went unanswered as the city parents gathered their wet, bedraggled sons and went back to the buggy and horse, waiting by the side of the road.

Fred and Luke continued their nut picking, grinning silently to themselves.

One afternoon a company of Union soldiers stopped at the Crawford farm in the Ozarks (near Springdale) where there was a small corn field just ready for gathering. The men were ordered into the field and soon there was a rustle of shucks. Great-grandmother Crawford protested without success to the soldiers so she went back to the house and watched.

With the rattling of the shucks, came the hogs from the river bottom, so corn gathering turned into hog butchering. Sally, her daughter, was then returning from town.

As the old wagon rattled down the road, Sally strained her eyes to see what was going on at the farm. She was sixteen and the oldest of the Crawford children. She handed the reins to her young brother. "Take the horses to the barn." She jumped from the wagon and dashed down the lane, heedless of the fact that she was barefooted and some of the rocks were sharp.

She came to the last wagon in the procession and stopped. Sally had never in her life been afraid to stand her ground and she was not now afraid — not even of the whole Union Army, had it been there, instead of just one small regiment.

"Where's the officer in charge?" she demanded angrily and out of breath from running.

"What do you want with him?" inquired the soldier who stood by the wagon.

"I want our hogs!"

"Your hogs?" He roared with amused laughter.

"They belong to us and I mean to get them back," she stated firmly, laying a hand on one which was not well balanced on the wagon. At the light touch, the hog began to slide slowly, and then it hit the ground suddenly with a terrible flop.

Sally and the soldier looked at each other for a fraction of a second; he with the idea that she had done the act on purpose and she with the startling knowledge that here was her pig—on the ground. Both grabbed. Sally had the hind legs and she was pulling frantically.

"Let go of this pig!" she cried as she pitted her young strength against that of her enemy.

"Turn loose, you d— rebel," yelled the angry soldier.

Sally had the advantage of pulling down hill. She yanked with sudden force and the man lost his balance and went down, dropping his hold on the hog. But Sally and the dead animal went down too in a heap, but she still kept her tight grip on the feet.

"Here — what's going on?" demanded an officer, galloping up and reining his horse to a quick, sliding stop as the two struggled to their feet. "What's the meaning of this?"

The soldier saluted. "This she-rebel pulled the hog off the wagon, sir" he stated, livid with rage.

"I did not," flared Sally, defending herself. "It fell off and you know it did! But it's mine just the same. You have killed all our hogs and loaded them on your wagons. This one fell off and I am keeping it." She tossed her head defiantly as she faced the two Union men without a quiver of fear. "You have taken all of our corn, too!"

"Let her have it," instructed the officer curtly and rode away.

Seething with fury, the soldier picked up his hat, glared at her with hatred in his eyes and turned to follow the departing wagons. Sally reached down and selected a nice round pebble from among the many at her feet and with true aim, she threw it,

hitting the crown of the hat, sending it tumbling to the ground.

"Take that from a Rebel to a Yankee," she called after him as he retrieved his fallen hat.

Postscript.. I too heard my grandmother tell this story many times and I always admired her for her spunk. Although she was 16 at the time she would have been close to 17 at the actual date of this occurrence. This would place the event in the year 1861.

One day during the year of 1875, ten years after the end of the Civil War, William Johnson Roberts went to Fayetteville, which was a two-day round trip then, and left his wife, Sally Roberts, and his young 12 year old brother, Andy Roberts*, at home with his two young sons, Fred, age 6, and Luke, age 4. They lived on a farm in the Ozark hills in one of those Arkansas homes with a wide hall, open at both ends with a room on each side of the hall, commonly known as a "dog-trot."

That night, about dark, Sally and the children and Andy were sitting in the bedroom, having finished supper and the chores early. She was sewing. Suddenly, the night stillness was broken by a terrible, blook-curling scream near the house. Andy knew instantly that it was a panther and close by. He slammed the door shut that led into the hall. "Hurry, Sally — that chair — then the table." These he pushed tightly against the closed door while Sally shut the one window.

"The gun, Andy—." But even as she turned to look in the corner for it she realized that the weapon was on the other side of the outside hall in the kitchen.

Andy did not have time to think of the gun then for the panther screamed again and his padded paws hit the floor in the hallway.

"The trunk!"

Together they pushed the trunk against the other furniture holding the door and none too soon. The panther heaved his side against the closed door — once, twice — his claws scraping the floor. Then it screamed again.

The two frightened little boys crawled frantically under the bed and huddled together in the farthest dark corner. For what seemed hours, but actually was only a few minutes, the panther left the hall. Sally and Andy breathed a sigh of relief, only to

have their hearts skip another beat for there was a thump, thump, under the floor of the room.

"The loose board," cried Sally.

Together she and Andy pushed the trunk to that point of attack. Andy added his weight by sitting on the top. Thus weighted down, the loose board withstood the humping of the panther's shoulders, but the trunk bounced now and then. They had to keep their ears trained carefully for the slightest sound as the panther kept prowling between the hall and butting against the door and back under the house trying to push up the loose board. They moved the furniture from spot to spot as it attacked. All night long the panther kept up its screaming and efforts to get into the room.

With daylight came relief. The panther went back into the hills. The tired, unnerved Sally and Andy pushed the furniture back into place and opened the door to the morning sun, as two sleepy boys crawled from beneath the bed.

When William Johnson Roberts came home all was peaceful and calm, but from then on, there was a gun in every room.

Footnote: My father also told me about this event and said he was a scared little boy. Anyone who's ever heard a panther scream at night can appreciate how these folks felt. He said they were scared all night that the panther might try to come down the big chimney, but it never did.

*Uncle Andy was Andrew Young Roberts, son of Johnson Martin Roberts. Uncle Andy lived in his home near Springdale until his death. He is buried in Friendship Cemetery.

When Daddy, Fred Roberts, and his brother, Luke, were very little boys, the preacher came and stayed for dinner.

Grandma took Daddy and Uncle Luke aside and told them not to ask for a second biscuit because she did not have any more.

At the dinner table, Grandma passed the biscuits a second time to the preacher and insisted that he take another. "There are more in the kitchen," she said. The boys replied, "I'll take one."

Afterwards, Grandma asked them why they had asked for a

second biscuit when she had told them that she didn't have any more. "Because," they said, "you told the preacher that you had more in the kitchen."

A true story related by our father, Fred Roberts, to Blanche and Frisco Roberts.

Ten year old Andy, Andrew Young Roberts, youngest brother of William Johnson Roberts, father of Fred Roberts, was always doing something to annoy someone and right now he was enjoying himself by making the boy in front of him in school very miserable.

For the third time that morning, he reached under his desk and stuck a finger into a snuff bottle, bringing it out covered with thick, black molasses. He smeared this across the neck of the boy in front of him, just below the line of his haircut. The lad squirmed in his seat.

"Teacher!" he yelled loudly to the man in the long black coat who stood with his back to the classroom as he wrote on the blackboard. "Teacher - make Andy stop putting molasses on the back of my neck!"

"Andy, stand up! Bring that bottle of molasses up here!"

"Yes, sir." Andy reached under his desk, but not for the molasses bottle. Instead, he reached for one just like it. With downcast eyes of shame at being caught and called to account before the class, he approached the front of the room and held the dark colored bottle out to the teacher who made no effort to take it.

Andy looked frightened.

"Open the bottle and pour the molasses in the stove," he was ordered sternly.

"If I — pour it out," sniffled Andy, "Ma will whip me good. But if you do it,she won't say anything about it." He seemed in tears.

"Give it to me!" The teacher snatched the bottle from Andy and none too gently pulled the cork out. But, instead of the molasses, there came a swarm of hornets, and instantly, the teacher was surrounded by the angered little insects that had been bottled up since early morning. Andy ducked quickly.

"Aw, gee," he said in apology,"I got the wrong bottle." The teacher did not wait for Andy to say anything more. He ran down the aisle, almost stumbling over the children. The swarm of hornets kept after him, stinging as hard as they could.

The next day, with a face tied with yards of bandage, the teacher remembered Andy's voice did not sound convincing, so he reached up over the blackboard; pulled down a switch; applied it to the spot where it did the most good.

P.S. Daddy said Andy received another licking when he got home.

SALLIE ANN (CRAWFORD) ROBERTS
born August 11, 1844
died January 29, 1929

WILLIAM JOHNSON ROBERTS
born June 12, 1839
died November 22, 1918

AHNENTAFEL CHARTS

Compiled by Christine Carte,
108 W. Avenue, Rte 3, Box 1, Lincoln, AR

1. Sally Raylene Carte Newell mother's family
2. Ray Fredrick Carte, b. 1912 Morrow, AR
3. Cellia Christine Pridemore, b. 1918 Lincoln, AR
6. Felix Jackson Pridemore, b. 1888 Lincoln, AR, d. 1972 Lincoln, AR, bur. Prairie Grove Cemetery
7. Mamie Eliza Crawford, b. 1892 Rhea, AR, d. 1941 Lincoln, AR bur. Prairie Grove Cemetery
12. George Washington Pridemore, b. 1852 Lee County, VA, d. 1933 Lincoln, AR bur. Lincoln Cemetery
13. Virginia Angelina Jones, b. 1861 Lincoln, AR, d. 1915 bur. Lincoln Cemetery
14. Leonidus (Onn) Grawford, b. 1850 Rhea, AR, d. 1919 Rhea, AR, bur. Crawford Cemetery.
15. Sally Elizabeth Woodruff, b. 1862 Rhea, AR, d. 1930 Rhea, AR, bur. Crawford Cemetery.
24. Andrew Jackson Pridemore, b. 1822 Scott County, VA, d. 1903 Okeen, OK
25. Malinda Eastrich, b. 1822 Virginia, d. 1901 Okeen, OK
26. William Jones, b. 1820, d. 1886 bur. White Rock Cemetery, Washington County, Dutch Mills, AR
27. Grizzey Riddle, d. 1877 bur. White Rock Cemetery, Washington County, Dutch Mills, AR
28. Robert Donald Crawford, b. 1816 Tennessee, d. 1891 Rhea, AR bur. Crawford Cemetery, Washington County
29. Eliza Henderson, b. 1826 Tennessee, d. 1871 Rhea, AR, b. Crawford Cemetery
30. Francis Woodruff, b. 1827, d. in Texas
31. Jemima Pyeatte, b. 1832 Cane Hill, AR, d. in Texas
48. Jonathan Pridemore, b. 1796 Lee County, VA, d. 1889 Lee County, VA
49. Charlot Fairbanks, b. 1803 Scott County, VA, d. 1889 Lee County, VA
54. Mathew Riddle
55. Rhoda Cooper
56. James Crawford, b. 1772, d. 1854, b. Prairie Grove

57. Nancy Sawyers, b. 1771 VA, d. 1854 bur. Prairie Grove, AR
58. William Henderson, b. 1787 Virginia
59. Martha, b. 1782 North Carolina
60. William Rivers Woodruff, b. 1786, d. 1853, b. Elm Springs, AR - Benton Co
61. Matilda Furgison, b. 1789, d. 1863, b. Elm Springs, AR
62. Andrew Finley Pyeatte, b. 1801
63. Martha Carnahan, b. 1799
96. Theodore Pridemore, b. 1755 Middlesex Co., New Jersey, d. 1838 Lawrence County, Indiana
97. Mary Guthrie, b. 1762 Pennsylvania, d. 1832
112. William Crawford, d. 1792 Augusta Co, Virginia
113. Rachel Sawyers, d. Lincoln Co., Tennessee
114. James Sawyers, d. 1783
115. Hannah Buchanan
124. James Pyeatte, b. 1768 Guilford Co, North Carolina, d. 1834 bur. Crystal Hill, AR
125. Catherine Finley, b. 1756 Guilford Co, NC, bur. Crystal Hill, AR
126. Reverend John Carnahan, b. 1756 Guilford Co, NC, d. 1838 bur. Pioneer Cemetery near Lincoln, AR (Revolutionary War soldier)
127. Janette (Jane) Billingsley, b. 1770, d. 1832 bur. Bethlehem Cemetery near Morrow, AR, Washington Co.
192. Theadorus Pridemore, b. 1730 New Jersey, d. 1800 South Carolina
224. Alexander Crawford, b. 1740 Lancaster Co., PA, d. 1764 Augusta Co, VA (killed by Indians)
225. Mary McPheaters
228. James Sawyers, came from Ireland 1723
229. Rachel Crawford
230. Andrew Buchanan
231. Joanna Hay
248. John Pyeatte, b. 1735
249. Jane Blair
250. Andrew Finley, b. 1717 Armagah Ireland
251. Catherine Paul
252. William Carnahan, b. 1712 Pennsylvania
253. Martha ---, b. 1723
254. James Billingsley, b. 1749 Maryland, d. 1809
255. Ann Rea
384. Benjamin Pridemore, b. 1688, d. 1752

448. William Crawford - came from Ireland 1723
449. Mary Daiylers
460. Samuel Buchanan - came to America 1702, d. in Washington Co., VA
462. Patrick Hay - from Ireland
463. Isabella
496. Jacob Pyeatte
497. Jean Paul
500. Michael Finley, b. 1683 in Ireland, d. 1780 Chester Co, Pennsylvania
501. Ann O'Neil, b. 1712 in Ireland, d. 1758 in Pennsylvania
502. Hugh Paul - came from Scotland in 1738, d. 1749
504. Adam Carnahan - came from Ireland 1729
505. Mary Finley
508. James Billingsley, b. 1726, Maryland, d. 1776
509. Elizabeth Crabtree, b. 1726 Maryland
510. William Rea
768. John Pridemore, b. 1600, d. 1702
769. Ann Higgins, b. 1663
896. John Crawford - came from Ireland 1723
920. James Buchanan
992. Rene Pyeatte - Guilford county, NC
993. Elizabeth Sheffield - South Carolina
1002. Samuel O'Neil
1010. Andrew Finley
1011. Mary Thompson
1016. William Billingsley, b. 1691 Maryland, d. 1745
1017. Mary Sammer, b. 1690 Maryland, d. 1740
1984. John Pyeatte - came to America 1640
1985. Francis Van Vliet
1538. Richard Higgins
1539. Mary Yates
1840. George Buchanan, b. 1621
2032. William Billingsley, b. 1670 Maryland, d. 1716
2033. Claranna Bowles
3968. Peir Piatt - in France
3969. Wllise du Four
3680. John Buchanan
3970. John Van der Vliet - 1684 New Jersey - from Holland
3971. Margaret Brunson - came to America from England 1644, d. 1742

4064. John Billingsley, b. 1647, d. 1693 Maryland

4065. Sarah Ann Billingsley, b. 1652 Maryland

7360. Thomas Buchanan

7940. Jan Van der Vliet, d. 1745

7941. Gertie Verkerak

8128. Francis Billingsley, b. 1620 in Bern, England — came to America before 1649

8129. Ann ---

14720. Sir Walter Buchanan

14721. Marjory Bruce

15880. Dirk Jameson Van der Vliet, b. 1612, d. 1696 - came to America from Holland in the "Hope" in 1662, settled Long Island, New York

29442. Robert the Bruce -

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From the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Vol. V. No. 12, Nashville, TENN, December, 1897. pp 619-620.

Desiring to preserve from oblivion some valuable facts connected with the great war, I send you a short account of some of the actions performed by an independent battalion raised inside the Federal lines in Northwest Arkansas, and commanded by Maj. Brown, commonly known as "Old Buck Brown."

THE MANNER IN WHICH IT WAS SUPPORTED

Being inside the Federal lines, we were often reduced to great straits. Every man had to furnish his own horse, firearms, and clothing, and get his rations when and where he could. It seems strange that an army of three hundred could be maintained in this way, but the people of the country, although reduced to dire extremities themselves, having been overrun, were in full sympathy with us. The ladies, young and old, noble heroines, would meet us in the woods with provisions at any hour of the day or night. The examples of heroism, self-denial, and trust exhibited by the southern women of Arkansas in those dark days I do not believe were ever excelled. The Spartan mothers advised their sons when they went to war to return carrying their shields or to be carried on them. The Southern women of Arkansas did more. They sent their husbands, sons, brothers, and sweethearts all to the war, while they remained and produced supplies for their families at home and their little army in the field. They raised, carded, spun, and wove the cotton and wool for clothing. They made their crops with hoes or with poor animals that the enemy did not think worth driving off. My own sainted mother made a reasonably good crop of corn with a little two- year-old steer. After gathering their little crops they had to conceal them, sometimes in caves, and again they buried them in the earth. They had to beat the corn in mortars or carry it on their shoulders to mills guarded by Federal soldiers, taking the chances of getting the meal. My mother carried a bushel of corn ten miles to mill, and was then robbed of it. When the war was over it was pathetic to hear her tell how a good woman who was stronger than she would carry the bags over a creek and then carry her over on her back.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, these noble Southern women always divided their supplies with Southern soldiers, and were never too tired to cook and carry it to them. Sometimes a soldier would be killed and his escaping comrades could not bury him. These noble women would take the service in charge and bury him, as the Virginia women did in the burial of Capt. Latane. One noble soldier boy- William Deaver- who was pure and gentle as a woman, fell at the hands of his enemies. His slayers, instead of giving him a decent burial, put his saddle and blankets on him and set fire to them. The brave women — among whom was his sister- gathered up the fragments and laid them away in a grave dug with their own hands. Surely some bard will yet sing of the virtues of these noble women. Brown's Battalion, though an independent one and operating within the lines of the Federal army, was composed of the bone and sinew of Northwest Arkansas. A more honorable set of men never lived. Their honor was made conspicuous in their deportment toward the noble ladies who trusted them so fully and served them so faithfully. The best ladies of the country had no hesitancy in putting themselves under our care, to be carried behind us on horseback through the woods even for miles after night.

Sometimes the young ladies and young soldiers would have a social gathering in some secluded spot where the enemy would not be likely to attack us. When the appointed night came each soldier- boy would take a young lady on his horse behind him and make his way to the rendezvous. Then in the house of some friend the hours were passed delightfully until just time to get the ladies home before daylight. And yet, with all this, if there was ever any improper conduct on the part of any soldier, the writer never knew it. I doubt if any many would have been permitted to live if he had abused the confidence of our noble sisters.

One day in the summer of 1864 the writer and a young soldier friend were at Squire Wasson's, when some one cried out: "The bluecoats are coming!" We sprang to our horses, and I succeeded in getting into my saddle, but my companion was less fortunate- his stirrup-leather broke, and he could not mount. The brave Miss Wasson, seeing the dilemma, rushed to the rescue. She literally picked him up and set him in his saddle.

During that summer Capt. Alberty, a Cherokee Indian, called for volunteers to attack Fayetteville, Ark., where a regiment of Federals was entrenched behind breastworks. A number of our boys volunteered to go, the Federals numbering ten to one. The attack was a failure, and the Federals dashed out after them as they retreated. One boy's horse ran under a limb and knocked him off and broke his arms. In this condition he called for help, but in the excitement men dashed by him without giving aid, until a brave boy, A. G. Murray, who was considerably in advance of him, heard his cry for help, and, facing the enemy, with magnificent heroism he rushed back to get him on his horse and carry him out of danger. Fortunately there was a thick clump of underbrush near, into which he ran his horse, where they dismounted and remained until in the night. In November of that year (1864) Gen. Fagen and Maj. Brown made an attack on Fayetteville. Just before that a Federal soldier in Fayetteville had shot and killed Mrs. Applegate. Her son, Tom, was with Gen. Fagen. When the fight began he asked the general to turn over a piece of artillery to him, which the the General did, and he made good use of it that day. Toward evening Brown moved his men up near their breastworks, but they were so perfectly concealed we could not see them. Maj. Brown, the writer, and four others ventured a little too near, and three out of the six were shot down in a twinkling.

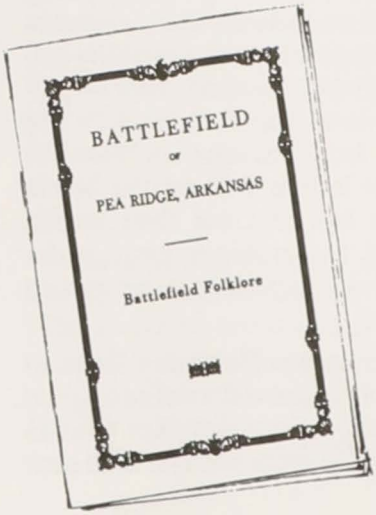
Three miles out from Fayetteville sixteen of Brown's men were standing in front of a farmhouse talking to the young ladies, with whom the writer had gone to school, when a caravan of forage-wagons from Fayetteville, guarded by about fifty soldiers, came along a cross-road in front of us. Some one — perhaps Capt. Crawford — ordered us to fire and charge. The enemy were surprised and routed, losing six men, while we lost nothing. Our little company had before this set the whole Fayetteville garrison afoot. They had sent out their horses, numbering perhaps twelve hundred, to a prairie to graze, under a strong guard. When they were not expecting it, we rushed upon them and drove off every hoof.

When the snows began to fall it became necessary for us to go South. A great many good people expressed a desire to go to Texas under our protection, among whom was Rev. Jordan Banks, a venerable Southern Methodist preacher who lived near

Fayetteville. At his request about a dozen of us dashed in after him. When we had gotten a safe distance away he told us how he had been treated by the Federals. Many peaceable old citizens were killed in that county. He had been treated badly, was robbed nearly every day, and abused until he was afraid of his shadow. When he had finished his terrible story of suffering a member of our command, who knew him, said: "Well, Uncle Jordan, did you pray for your enemies while they were treating you thus?" For a moment the old man hung his head, then he replied: "God knows all anyhow. I did pray, but perhaps I did not pray as I ought." After we had gone about six miles with Uncle Jordan we stopped at a field of corn to feed our horses. Of course it was corn raised by a Yankee. We would not feed the corn our women had made as long as we could help it. When we reached the fence Uncle Jordan stopped and said: "Boys, I am now an old man, and I have never stolen anything in my life." Turning to me, he said: "Ben, I can't go in there and get corn; but if you will give me your gun I will go on picket, and if they come I will shoot them, while you take my sack and fill it up."

Before the war ended Brown and many of his men were killed. Those who survived went back to their desolated homes in Northwest Arkansas, where their families were living largely on the spontaneous products of the soil.

(The name of the author of the above is lost. —Ed.)



More about livin' in the Ozarks than fightin' in the battle. This little booklet published in 1958 has many a good yarn between its covers.

50¢ sale-priced to move remaining 60 copies.

MARY LOU VENA LONG MAYES

by Mayme Mayes Ferguson

Outlines of family history must consist mainly of names and dates, but the real challenge to the family historian is to learn something of the lives of these previous generations. We want to understand who they really were — their characters and commitments, their joys and sorrows, how they lived and died.

So, I am going to begin the story of my paternal grandmother with a few memories of her, or possibly things that I think I remember because I heard them told so often.

Grandma lived in the three room house that my grandfather had built in 1882, and we lived just across a field and behind a small hill from her and my Aunt Bessie, her youngest child.

Aunt Bess did not marry until she was past thirty and she must have listened to the stories that grandmother told of her childhood and the Morristown, Tennessee area where she was raised. Many of the stories related here were passed on through Aunt Bess. I have been pleased that so many of them have been verified, and had been remembered correctly.

I was only 8 years old when Grandma died. I particularly remember that she was a small woman. Her hair had been black and she had little curls on the nape of her neck. Her eyes were bright blue as were my father's. She loved to be outdoors and to work on the farm. After her health began to fail her children forbade her to chop wood but they would sometimes come in from work and find freshly cut wood in the box. I have been told too that she was a good shot with a rifle.

She made what we called "plain" cornbread. It had no leavening, just cornmeal, water and salt. I loved it. Once when I was about 4 or 5 years old my mother and I came by Grandma's house when she was cooking and when we got started home I began to kick and squall. I wanted to go back and get some of Grandma's cornbread! *(Mother was right put out!)*

Another time I was at Grandma's house in the late afternoon while the folks were busy on the farm. She placed a skillet on the coals in the fireplace and fried bacon and eggs. When they were done she warmed left over cornbread in the skillet and that was our supper.

Grandma had heart trouble and was bedfast for several months before she died. She often asked me to go to the spring and get her a fresh drink of water during that long hot summer.

From things that I have been told she must not have "suffered fools gladly." When someone acted really stupid she commented tartly, "Well, nothing will take the place of brains."

She was a member of the Baptist Church. She was baptized as a young girl into the Kidswell Ridge Baptist Church near Morristown, Tenn., on a day when there was snow on the ground. Many times during her last months she softly sang old gospel songs, "Shall we Gather at the River," and "Sweet Bye and Bye" are two that I remember.

It was told that when the preacher came for dinner she would fix him boiled potatoes or beans and cornbread. "He hasn't been working" she would say. But when work hands were there she prepared the best meal she could.

My father, Benjamin H. Mayes, and Aunt Bessie were her two youngest and the only ones of her children that I knew well. Since their father died when they were young, I feel sure that she was the one who instilled in them their sense of honesty and justice, their sympathy for the weak and needy. I wish that I could have known her longer.

Vena, as she was called, was born on July 22, 1854, to Nicholas and Jennie Cooter Long. She was the eleventh child in their family of twelve. First there were three boys, then three girls, then three more boys, then the final three girls. Vena could remember sleeping in a trundle bed with her two sisters.

Less than seventeen years later, on March 26, 1871, she was married to James Perry Mayes, born October 2, 1850. James, son of Edward and Mahala Mayes, had been raised just a few miles away on the Holston River. In a few days the young couple left for Arkansas. Vena, of course, had no way of knowing that she would be exiled for life from her family, only seeing one sister again and that when they were old, old ladies. James' oldest brother, W. H. Mayes lived in Northwest Arkansas and they planned to join him there.

They boarded a train for Memphis and there in the booming riverport city they caught a steamboat down the Mississippi and

up the Arkansas River. The Arkansas was in spring flood, the waters high and dangerous. While the ship was docked in Little Rock, the crew went on shore leave. While they were gone, the anchor pulled loose and the boat began to drift rapidly downstream. Some of the passengers understood something about operating a steam boat and with the passengers for crew men and sides of fat meat for fuel they quickly got up steam and managed to bring the boat back into dock. (The Arkansas Gazette in "River Items" stated, on April 4, 1871, that the river had been rising rapidly for two days.)

Upon reaching Van Buren by boat they hired a wagon to bring them over the Boston Mountains to Fayetteville, where they were met by James' brother, Bill (W. H.) Mayes. A few miles east of Fayetteville they were ferried across the White River by John Johnson, a member of a pioneer family that settled in the Habberton Community. Later that afternoon, Good Friday, April 7, they arrived at Bill's home in the Mountain Home Community about twelve miles east of Fayetteville. Vena was amused to see one of the small boys running around in his shirt while his pants dried on the line.

The following Sunday they went to church at a Baptist church in the Habberton Community. At this time services were being held in a school building on the Colonel Walker Farm, later owned by H. L. Ferguson. Vena was rudely surprised when men came to church fully armed. Some removed their guns and hung them on pegs but others wore theirs during services. She had never seen anyone except lawmen and soldiers bearing arms in Tennessee.

She began to realize that this was rough country and events of the afternoon proved it without a doubt. The pounding of hoofbeats called their attention to a horseman riding by at a dead run. Soon a neighbor arrived to tell them that a murder had been committed on Brush Creek and that the murderer had fled in that direction.[1]

Times were very hard in Arkansas and after a few years the young couple decided to move to West Plains, MO. They were joined on this trek by James' sister, Sarah, and her husband, Joe Long. *(This Long was not related to Vena).* The two families traveled by wagon and arrived in West Plains with 35 cents between them. A grocery store owner by the name of Youngblood

advanced them food and gave them jobs. Mr. Youngblood also hired some negroes. Sometime later he had trouble with a black man and killed him. James had witnessed the deed. Word got about that he was going to be subpoenaed and Youngblood sent a message that he had better not testify against him. Since James and Vena had four small children at the time they decided that the better part of valor was to get out of the state. They packed and left in the night, returning to the community that they had left.

They soon bought the Rocky Hill Farm where they lived out their lives. A letter in my possession indicates that they were loaned money to purchase it.[2] This was in 1881 or 1882. There was no school in the community so James and Vena donated the use of a small log building on their place to be used until a schoolhouse could be built. W. H. Mayes gave land in 1883 for a school and presumably the log building was put up then. The building is now in the restoration known as Harber Village near Grove, OK.

In January, 1883, the first major tragedy occurred in Vena's life. Her two year old daughter begged to go home with a neighbor woman to play with her children. In a short time the woman came running with the child in her arms, saying that something was wrong with her. They questioned the children and found that she drank the fluid from the ash lye hopper. She only lived a few hours.

Later that year, just after the crops were planted they received word that James's mother was very ill. He went back to Tennessee to visit her, intending to be gone for about three weeks. His mother alternately grew better, then worse so he kept lingering until at least three months had passed. He made a deal with some of the other heirs and brought back his share of his mother's estate. *(This is not verified.)*

Vena had five children by this time but determined to finish the crops that James had planted before he left. She plowed and hoed the fields, leaving the older children to watch over the smaller. She would set down in the shade to cool before going into the house to let the baby nurse. Florence would have been the baby at that time. James returned home to find the crops cared for and the children well. Vena told of putting on a clean dress and going with James to see the Johnsons, their closest

neighbors, the first evening that he was home. The Johnsons had suffered a terrible tragedy while James was gone, losing two members of their family by hanging. [3]

As the years passed, more than once Vena planned to return to Tennessee to see her parents but something always happened. One year the children came down with measles, another time the crops failed so that there was no extra money for a trip.

In August 1894, one of the boys attended a picnic outside the community and contracted typhoid fever. In September both James and Vena came down with the dread disease. James realizing that death was near asked to speak to Vena but she was unconscious. Later she remembered hearing someone hammering and when she inquired about it she was told that they were making a coffin for James. She remembered nothing more for a long while and did not gain strength enough to set up for a whole day until Christmas.

There were eight children now. George, age 22, Tressie, age 21, Dan, age 19, E.L. (Lon), age 17, Florence, age 12, Garrett, age 9, Ben age 4 and Bessie, age 2. The older ones were soon gone from home, leaving Vena and the three youngest. It was remembered that Garrett was her main helper for several years as he was 5 years older than Ben. In 1896 she received word that her father had died and in 1900 her mother.

Perhaps there was some good years in there but in October 1917 Garrett died. Ten days later Florence died of childbed fever, and 14 months later, in January 1919 her oldest child, George, died. A few years before her death her baby sister, Angie Smith, who lived in northern Missouri, came to see her. One of Vena's memories of Angie was of the time Rebel soldiers were going through the area. Angie stubbornly exclaimed, "Well, I'm still a rebel even if they ar' cutting' Pa's corn!" Now that little girl was an old woman and many tears must have been shed as they told each other the stories of their lives. Letters had been few, for neither were good writers. Vena taught herself to write after she was in Arkansas.

The last years of her life were spent in her own home with loved ones to care for her. She passed away from a heart attack late in the evening of Oct. 22, 1927. She had suffered an attack earlier in the evening but had become perfectly easy. She died

with a smile on her face, her son Ben holding her hand.

Her descendants are scattered, but many of them still live in Arkansas and Oklahoma. It is hoped that some of them inherited the courage and honesty, dignity and compassion that were the characteristics of this woman.

Account written, mostly from information by Bessie Mayes Hilton. Some of it has been verified by information from Tennessee and from local cemetery records.

FOOTNOTES

1. Drinking and card playing had led to this murder. A man named Hale, from Round Mountain, had killed a Johnson. He forded White River at the deep ford and crossed the farm now owned by J.C. Ferguson. (1991) A few years ago Linnie Langham, a descendant of the Hales, told me a story of how her grandfather's brother had killed a man, rode his horse home and how her great-grandmother dressed him in a dress and bonnet. They both mounted horses and she rode with him over the mountains to Fort Smith. He lived his life out there!
2. The letters, written in 1883 when James was in Tenn., mentioned that he had settled with his brother-in-law, Bill Senter, and would have the money to pay J. D. Powers, who the former owner of the place.
3. Mr. Johnson's brother, Gove Johnson, came to Arkansas and was followed by 17 year old Jimmy Johnson into a train robbery and murder. They and two other men were hanged. I have narrated the account in a booklet entitled "Hangman's Harvest."

From Wayne Woodruff Pyeatt,
349 Inkberry Lane, Memphis, TN 38117:

Reference made to page 31 in August 1992 issue; you ask for more information concerning Major Jacob Pyeatte (Pyeatt).

I am a direct descendant of Major Pyeatte and our family history contains the following information:

Jacob Pyeatt was the son of John Pyeatt and Jane Blair Pyeatt. He was born in Path Valley, Penn. and his father was killed at the battle of Camden, Aug. 16, 1780.

Jacob was born in 1756, married Margaret Finley March 8, 1791 in Guilford, N.C. He served as a Captain during the Revolutionary War under General George Rogers Clark. He and family came to Arkansas in 1811; to Little Rock in 1812. He settled in Washington Co. in 1827; died there in 1844.

Children: John Pyeatt 1792-1823; Andrew 1800-?; Peter Pyeatt 1793-1856; Jane 1802-1839; Katherine 1795-?; Jacob 1804-infancy; Mary 1798-1879 death

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The Society is deeply grateful.

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